

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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POETRY.

From the New York American.

STANZAS.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

"Oh! let us die like Men!"

Written previous to the Battle of Okachobee.

Roll out the banner on the air,
And draw your swords of flame!
The forming squadrons fast prepare
To take the field of Fame.
With measur'd step your columns dun
Close up along the glen.
If we must die ere set of sun,
Oh! let us die like men.

We seek the foe from night till morn,
A foe we do not see—
Go roll the drum, and wind the horn,
And tell him here are we.
In idle strength we watch a prey,
That lurks by marsh or fen;
But should he strike our lines to-day
Oh! let us die like men.

'Tis not to right a kinsman's wrong,
With bristling ranks we come—
Our sisters sing their evening songs
Far in a peaceful home.
We battle at our country's call
The savage in his den:
If in such struggle we must fall,
Oh! let us die like men.

Remember, boys, that mercy's dower
Is life to him that yields;
Remember, that the hand of power
Is strongest when it shields.
Keep your honor, like your sabres, bright,
Shame coward fear—and then,
If we must perish in the fight,
Oh! let us die like men.

THE MOTHER.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

"It may be autumn, yes, winter, with the woman, but with the mother as a mother, it is always spring." [Sermon by the Rev. T. Cobb, Lynn, Mass. 1836.]

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care,
Time wrote in sorrow on her brow
And mid her frosted hair.

Hope from her breast had torn away,
Its rooting, scathed and dry;
And on the pleasures of the gay
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it, that like sunbeam clear,
O'er her wan features ran,
As pressing towards her deafened ear,
I named her absent son!

What was it! ask a mother's breast,
Through which a fountain flows,
Perennial, fathomless, and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it! ask the king of kings,
Who hath decreed above,
That change should mark all earthly things,
Except a mother's love.

Most Beautiful, I love thee,
By the eye of melting blue,
In life and death I'll prove me
Faithful, kind and true!
Most beautiful, I love thee!
By the heart that now I give.
Oh! let my fond prayers move thee,
To bid me hope and live.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

'Twas one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular attitude looks at the two sides of the edge at once; a lovely midsummer day; when nature was laughing till her sides ached, the mother earth in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles to her often ungrateful children, and the lambs were skipping to and fro within their inclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspect, were lulling in the sun, and ruminating their already gathered repast; every thing seemed happy, except the shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A "green and yellow melancholy," had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but "let concealment like 't' the bud," prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder," said his lordship, "what can be the matter with my shepherd Darby. He seems in his galloping consumption, and were I to loose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life."

"Never told a lie in his life? Good! Why my lord, do you really believe such nonsense?"

"Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

They now advanced nearer and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and overbowed Darby.

"Well Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures."

"It did my lord and the cows will give a large meal, and require milking earlier this spring through means of it?"

"Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes my lord. Hillo, Sweeper away for Ballface."

"In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram, from the flock."

"That's a clever turn my worthy," said the squire, "there's half a crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honor," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and I'll spend it in a drink all in one night."

"Explain the riddle, Darby."

"Why sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can shake my thirst as well.—Yet I'll speak for others—many a one there are, who must take strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil."

"You are a worthy fellow and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off. "What say you to my shepherd now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow indeed! Yet proud as you are of him, my lord, I'll bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out."

"Done said his lordship. The wager was laid, and the squire set out on his lie-making expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart, the lovely Cathleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each others arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and half, and then artfully upbraided her with unkindness in neglecting the "worthy young fellow," who was dying for her, contrived to inveigle her by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration; and the laughing girl tript home, leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram; what was to be done? To tell a lie appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation; to equivocate was meanness execrable; yet an excuse must be had. A sudden thought seized him; he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field and placing his hat on it, in order to personate himself, he retired to a distance, and in the character of his lordship, hailed the elfy as follows:

"Good morrow Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day Darby?"

"Pretty fair my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favorite ram; where is he?"

"Oh my lord, he—he—he—"

"He what, Darby?"

"He was drowned—my—my lord."

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should feel exceedingly annoyed, but it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do," murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"Are my flocks well to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"And my ram, Darby, where is he?"

"My lord, he—he—he—"

"Is there any thing wrong? tell me at once."

"He was stolen my lord."

"Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past. When was he stolen?"

"That won't do either," exclaimed the shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel Cath!"

Something seemed to whisper to him, "try if perhaps the truth will do." Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and on coming to the usual interrogation, "where is the ram?" he dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweet heart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord, do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a lie."

"That will do," shouted Darby springing from his knees and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation.

He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby on the usual interrogation being put, dropped upon his knees, and told "the truth" the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and instead of seeing a frown gathering on his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The ladies are informed in conclusion, that the squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cathleen as a dower, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

Here's "such a good 'un" from the N. O. Pic.—"A loafer who had got his Christmas load on, 'fetched up' against the side of a house which had been newly painted.—Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse of his shoulder, another at the house a third at his hands and exclaimed, "Well that's a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it stand out all night for people to run against!"

Reflection.—Charlotte, said a gentleman to his daughter one day, you are really too giddy, and I fear never give yourself time for reflection. "Pon honor, then, pa," replied the young lady, laughing, "you may make yourself perfectly easy on that account for I generally spend half the day at the looking-glass."

THE MISTAKE.

It was early on a clear moonlight evening that a young sailor just reached his home in the country, from the port he had arrived. He changed his tarry habiliments for his citizen's dress, and on the wings of love took his way to call on his betrothed. At the mansion of her who now filled his thoughts, he stopped. Soon with the knocker in his hand he stood with a palpitating heart, and knocked at the door, while with shuffling foot he gently tapped at the sill, as impatiently he waited for its opening.

"Is Caroline at home?" asked the youthful lover, with a smile, as the door swung back, and a black eyed girl stood before him with a light.

"She is not, sir," replied the young lady;

"Not at home! and do you not know me?"

"I have not that pleasure, sir," answered she, "but walk in."

"Is not this Mr. Smith's house, and the residence of Caroline Smith?" asked he almost confounded.

"It is; but she is not at home."

At that instant another female of the house crossed the hall. "Not at home?" ejaculated the lover, with a bound springing within the door and embracing the second young lady, who shrieked and fainted. The house was instantly in alarm, and its male and female inmates came rushing into the hall. The sailor partially bending over the inanimate form of the lady, while consternation was depicted on the countenance of all.

"Who are you, young man?" demanded the father of the girl in authoritative voice, to him as he was rising up, but at that instant he caught sight of his face. "Ho welcome back again, George—it is you?"

"It is me; but is it possible that Caroline does not know me?" replied the anxious sailor.

Caroline—why, that is not Caroline."

"Not her,—then who is she?" gasped he. At this instant the street door again opened and his betrothed stood before him, and in another moment was encircled in his arms.

An eclatrisment now took place; the twin sister of Caroline, whom George had not seen, had returned during his absence, and she is the perfect picture of her sister. "It's a laughable mistake," said the father, leaving the hall to them, while George was now introduced to the new inmates of the family.

"You'll not mistake me again," said Ellen.

"Not unless Caroline is absent," said George, with delight. The next day the lovers were united; and often as memory recalled the incident, George laughed at his mistake.

Keep your countenance.—A very good lady in Boston had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door, that "Mrs. — was not at home." One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who went away leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. —, she said, "John what did you say to the lady?" "I told her that you were not at home!" "Well, John, I hope you did not laugh." "Oh no, ma'am," said John, "I never laughs when I tell a lie."

A greenhorn lately took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded, Jonathan took a quarter dollar from his pocket, deliberately walked up to the parson and handed it to him saying, "Parson, keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

A parish clerk, not far from Banbury, a few Sundays since, gave out as follows:—"The inhabitants of this parish are to take notice that a public vestry will be held on Wednesday to take notice what color the church shall be white washed."

ANOTHER HOOSIERY STORY.

The following story we copy from a Buffalo paper, and was related by a live Hoosier:

Stranger—I expect you are about the tallest kind of a coon there is in this diggins. Your little Buffalonian walks straight into things, like a squash vine into a potatoe patch.

I come down the other day in this steamboat Cleveland. She's a pretty fixin, golly, ain't she a smasher? Once coming down, a streak of lightning followed three miles and better. The captain said it was gaining on us a little, so he told the man to starboard the helm and let it go by. It did go like a horse, and we were so near it that the deck passengers smelt brimstone.

The captain felt a little cheap at first, about letting it beat him, and said the steam was'n't up; I told him he did perfectly right to turn out, as there was so many women on board, and then there was so much iron that it drew the lightning and helped it along, so it warn't fair play.

You should have heard the thunder that came along just after it. It would have given you a new idea for one of your articles.

Perhaps you don't know where I come from. Give us your fist now, and I'll tell you all about it. When I'm home I stop in the Chuckahoke diggins, in the state of Indiana. We raised an almighty crop of wheat this year, I reckon nigh upon four thousand bushels, and a sprinkling of corn, oats, potatoes and garden sass. You could hear the arth groan all around our settlement, the crops were so heavy, and that's what gives rise to the stories about the earthquakes, to hear corn grow as it did, and as to the potatoes, I'll be skinned alive if ever I saw any thing like it. Why any one of them warm nights you just go into a little patch of fifty acres, close to the house and hold your ear down, and you could hear the young potatoes quarrelling, and the old ones swearing at them, because they didn't lay along and stop crowding. I calculate you did't raise such crops in these parts.

Why, one day one of our squash vines chased a drove of hogs better than a half a mile, and they ran and squalled as if the old boy was after them. One little pig stubbed his toe and fell down, and was never seen afterwards.

We got in pretty much all the crops and I told the old man I would take a trip down east and see the old folks, grand-fathers and mothers, aunts and cousins, a pretty considerable heap of them, I calculate; down to old Vermont. So I packed up my plunder, got into the stage and started.

I reckon I'll have a little fun among you before I take a canal boat for down east.—All I'm after is to be clawing into the pumpkin pies about thanksgiving time.

Anecdote.—Some years since, a lady noticing a neighbor of hers was not in her seat at church on Sabbath, called, on her return home, to enquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house, she found the family busy at work. She seemed surprised when her friend addressed her, "Why, la! where have you been to-day, dressed out in your Sabbath-day clothes?" "To meeting." "Why, whatday is it?" "Sabbath-day." "Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath-day! Well I did't know it, for my husband has got so darned stingy he wont take the newspapers now, and we know nothing."

Truth neatly spoken.—"Send them all to —," exclaimed a sacrilegious ruffian, speaking of paupers. "Better send us to heaven, your honor, we shall be more out of your way there," replied one of them.

Franklin—It is rather a curious incident that when the American Congress sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as Minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Gerard, a book-binder, as Minister to the United States. When Dr. Franklin was told of it, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll print the Independence of America, and M. Gerard will bind it."